

**THE**

FROM THE FILES OF THE POLICE **DRAGNET**

10¢

**INFORMER**

# INFORMER

**JUNE** LN 10



*In This Issue*  
**THE GREATEST  
SOCIAL MENACE  
OF OUR TIME!**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# CAR BURNING OIL?

## Engineer's Discovery Stops it Quick

### Without A Cent For Mechanical Repairs!

If your car is using too much oil—if it is sluggish, hard to start, slow on pickup, lacks pep and power—you are paying good money for oil that's burning up in your engine instead of providing lubrication. Why? Because your engine is leaking. Friction has worn a gap between pistons and cylinder wall. Oil is pumping up into the combustion chamber, fouling your motor with carbon. Gas is exploding down through this gap, going to waste.

#### SAVE \$50 TO \$150 REPAIR BILL



Before you spend \$50.00 to \$150.00 for an engine overhaul, read how you can fix that leaky engine yourself, in just a few minutes, without buying a single new part, without even taking your engine down. It's almost as easy as squeezing toothpaste or shaving cream out of a tube, thanks to the discovery of a new miracle substance called Power Seal. This revolutionary, new compound combines the lubricating qualities of Moly, the "greasy" wonder metal, with the leak-sealing properties of Vermiculite, the mineral product whose particles expand under heat. (Up to 30 times original size.)

Just squeeze Power-Seal out of the tube into your motor's cylinders through the spark plug openings. It will spread over pistons, piston rings and cylinder walls as your engine runs and it will PLATE every surface with a smooth, shiny, metallic film that won't come off! No amount of pressure can scrape it off. No amount of heat can break it down. It fills the cracks, scratches and scorings caused by engine wear. It closes the gap between worn piston rings and cylinders with an automatic self-expanding seal that stops oil pumping, stops gas blow-by and restores compression. No more piston slapping; no more engine knocks. You get more power, speed, mileage.

This genuine plating is self-lubricating too for Moly, the greasy metal lubricant, reduces friction as nothing else can! It is the only lubricant indestructible enough to be used in U. S. atomic energy plants and jet engines. It never drains down, never leaves your engine dry. Even after your car has been standing for weeks, even in coldest weather, you can start it in a flash, because the lubrication is in the metal itself. That's why you'll need amazingly little oil; you'll get hundreds, even thousands of more miles per quart.

#### TRY IT FREE!

You don't risk a penny. Prove to yourself that Power-Seal will make your car run like new. Put it in your engine on 30 days' Free Trial. If you are not getting better performance out of your car than you thought possible—if you have not stopped oil burning and have not increased gas mileage—return the empty tube and get your money back in full. Power-Seal is absolutely harmless; it cannot hurt the finest car in any way. It can only preserve and protect your motor.



#### POWER SEAL MAKES WORN OUT TAXI ENGINE RUN LIKE NEW

Here are the Test Engineer's notarized figures showing the sensational increase in compression obtained in a 1950 De Soro taxi that had run for 93,886 miles. Just one POWER SEAL injection increased pep and power, reduced gas consumption, cut oil burning nearly 50%.

	Cyl. 1	Cyl. 2	Cyl. 3	Cyl. 4	Cyl. 5	Cyl. 6
BEFORE	90 lbs.	90 lbs.	105 lbs.	90 lbs.	80 lbs.	100 lbs.
AFTER	115 lbs.	115 lbs.	117 lbs.	115 lbs.	115 lbs.	115 lbs.

#### BEST INVESTMENT WE EVER MADE, SAYS DRIVER-OWNER

"We simply inserted the POWER SEAL, per instructions and made no other repairs or adjustments. Compression readings were taken before and after and showed a big improvement in both cars. As a result the engine gained a lot more pickup and power which was especially noticeable on hills. What impressed us most was the sharp reduction in oil consumption. In one cab, we've actually been saving a quart a day and figure we have saved \$11.20 on oil alone since the POWER SEAL was applied a month ago. In the other cab, oil consumption was cut practically in half. We have also been getting better gas mileage. All in all, POWER SEAL turned out to be just about the best investment we ever made. It paid for itself in two weeks and has been saving money for us ever since, to say nothing of postponing the cost of major overhauls that would have run into real money." Town Taxi, Donglston, N. Y.

#### SEND NO MONEY!

Simply send the coupon and your Power-Seal injection will be sent to you at once C.O.D. plus postage and handling charges. Or, to save the postage and handling charges, simply enclose full payment with the coupon. For 6-cylinder cars order the Regular Size, only \$4.95. For 8-cylinder cars order the Jumbo Size, \$7.95. Power-Seal is now available only by mail from us. Send the coupon at once.

#### RUDSON AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRIES

Dept. Y-4 400 Madison Avenue,  
New York 17, N. Y.

RUDSON AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRIES, Dept. Y-4  
410 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me ..... tubes of the amazing new POWER SEAL.  
☐ Regular Size, for 6-cyl. cars, \$4.95 ☐ Jumbo Size, for 8-cyl. cars, \$7.95  
On arrival, I will pay the position the price indicated above plus postage and delivery charges. I must see an immediate improvement in the pep and power of my car, less oil consumption, greater gas mileage, reduced engine noise, easier starting, faster pickup, within 30 days, or you will refund my full purchase price.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

☐ Save More! Send cash, check, or money order with coupon and we pay all postage charges. Same money-back guarantee.



city is not only buildings and streets, parks and bridges.  
city is also people!  
my target is anyone who threatens the safety and happiness of the city's people..  
My name is Mark Fabian. Sergeant Mark Fabian.  
I'm a cop.

*This is not a pretty story! It deals with the Greatest Social Menace of Our Time! For its victims, degradation is only the beginning... and*

## DEATH IS THE PAYOFF!



COPPERS-- COME ONE STEP CLOSER AND I DUMP THIS DAME OVER THE EDGE!

HOLD IT, PAT!

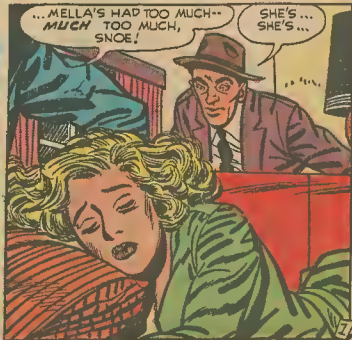
ALL RIGHT, FERRET-- LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT US STYMIED!

**T**HIS STORY HAD STARTED EARLIER IN A SHODDY UPTOWN FLAT... 48 HOURS EARLIER... WITH A DIFFERENT GIRL...



IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH MELLA, BOSS? DID THE KID HAVE TOO MUCH?

YEAH, SNOE...



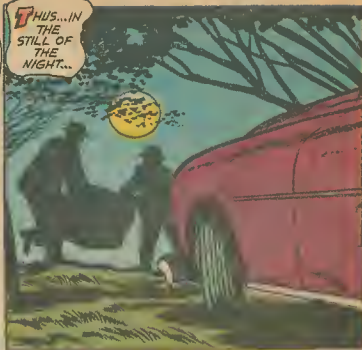
...MELLA'S HAD TOO MUCH-- MUCH TOO MUCH, SNOE!

SHE'S... SHE'S...



...SHE'S DEAD, BOSS!  
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SOLD  
HER THAT SPEED BALL!  
WE GOTTA  
GET OUT!

AND LEAVE THE  
BEST PAYING  
SET-UP I EVER  
HAD? SNOE, YOU  
GOT ROCKS IN YOUR  
RAFTERS! DRAG OUT  
THAT OLD STEAMER  
TRUNK! HERE'S  
WHAT WE DO...



THUS...IN  
THE  
STILL OF  
THE  
NIGHT...

...AND LATER, IN THE MORNING...

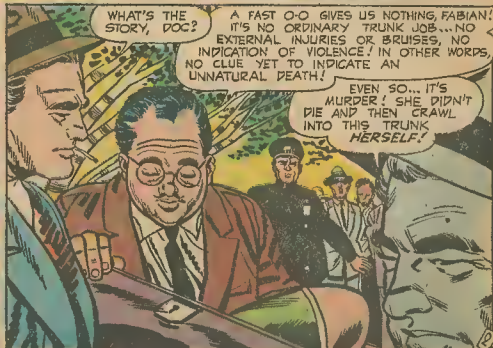
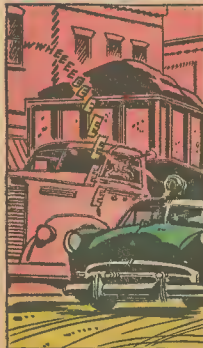


PAT POLO AND I WERE WORKING THE DAY  
WATCH OUT OF HOMICIDE WHEN THE CALL  
CAME THROUGH. WE WASTED NEITHER  
TIME NOR MOTION...



WHAT DID  
YOU GET  
ON IT,  
MARK?

SHE'S IN THE PARK...  
SHE'S A BLONDE AND  
SHE'S DEAD! THAT'S  
IT... SO FAR!



WHAT'S THE  
STORY, DOC?

A FAST O-O GIVES US NOTHING, FABIAN!  
IT'S NO ORDINARY TRUNK JOB...NO  
EXTERNAL INJURIES OR BRUISES, NO  
INDICATION OF VIOLENCE! IN OTHER WORDS,  
NO CLUE YET TO INDICATE AN  
UNNATURAL DEATH!

EVEN SO... IT'S  
MURDER! SHE DIDN'T  
DIE AND THEN CRAWL  
INTO THIS TRUNK  
HERSELF!

OUR WORK'S CUT OUT FOR US, PAT! ALL WE GOT TO DO IS FIND OUT WHO SHE WAS, HOW SHE WAS KILLED AND WHO KILLED HER!

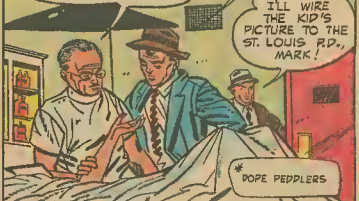
HMMF! THEY TOLD ME AT THE POLICE ACADEMY THERE'D BE DAYS LIKE THIS!



LATER, A DETAILED EXAMINATION SHOWED THE BODY WASN'T BARREN OF CLUES! THERE WAS THE TRADE-MARK OF AN EAST ST. LOUIS STORE STAMPED ON THE VICTIM'S SHOE... AND...

...SHE WAS STILL IN HER TEENS...HARDLY HAD TIME TO GET ALL THESE PUNCTURES IN HER SKIN! BUT, HERE THEY ARE...SEE 'EM, FABIAN?

SO, SHE WAS ON DOPE, EH? ANOTHER LIFE BLOTTED OUT BY PUSHERS!



I'LL WIRE THE KID'S PICTURE TO THE ST. LOUIS RD., MARK!

\* DOPE PEDDLERS

ST. LOUIS KNEW THE KID ALL RIGHT. HER NAME WAS MELLA TREBS. AS A LARK, SHE'D STARTED ON KEEFERS IN HIGH SCHOOL. AT 16, MELLA WAS ALREADY ON HORSE (HEROIN), WHEN THE COPS FIRST PICKED HER UP...

WE'D WORKED WITH DETECTIVE IZZY BRADY OF THE NARCOTICS SQUAD ONCE BEFORE...COLLARING A JUNK-CRAZED HOOD IN AN EAST SIDE TENEMENT...

NICE WORK, FABIAN! THIS PUSHER COULDN'T HAVE FURNISHED ANY INFO DEAD!

DON'T WORRY, BRADY... WHEN FABIAN SLUGS 'EM THEY'RE ONLY HALF DEAD!

FABIAN, WE'VE GOT A COUPLE OF PUSHERS SPOTTED UP IN THE SQUARE! COULD BE THERE'S A CONNECTION! LET'S GO!

...AFTER WHICH SHE WAS SENT TO THE FEDERAL NARCOTICS ADDICTION HOSPITAL AT LEXINGTON, KY.!

THE RECORDS SHOW SHE WAS RELEASED ONLY RECENTLY. SHE MUST'VE RELAPSED--MANY OF THE "CURED" DO!

LET'S GO SEE, BRADY!



ISRAEL BRADY  
NARCOTICS SQUAD

SEE THAT COUPLE, FABIAN? THEY LOITER ALONG HERE EVERY DAY AT JUST THIS TIME! I'M ABOUT READY TO MOVE IN ON THEM!

HOW'D YOU LATCH ON THAT THEY WERE PUSHERS, BRADY?

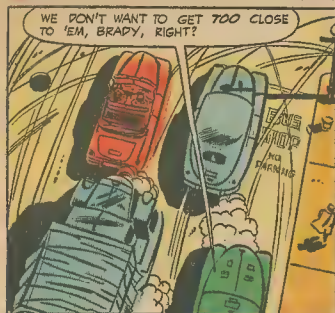


THEY SHAKE HANDS WITH TOO MANY PEOPLE! IN A BIG CITY, NOBODY RUNS INTO THAT MANY FRIENDS! BESIDES--WE GOT A FILE ON 'EM!





LATER, WHEN THE PUSHERS LEAVE THEIR CORNER, WE TRAIL THEM THROUGH THE UPTOWN SLUMS...



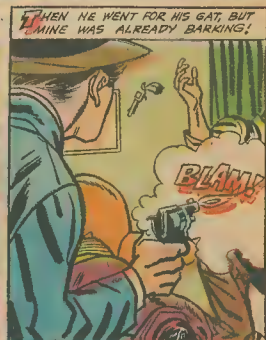
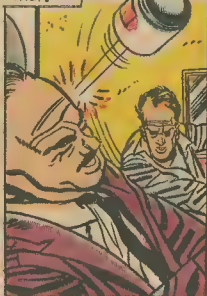
WE DON'T WANT TO GET TOO CLOSE TO 'EM, BRADY, RIGHT?

...AND INTO A DECREPIT BUILDING...



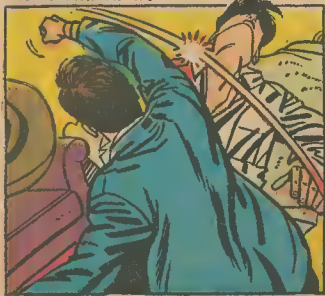
...THEN... WE'RE POLICE OFFICERS, SNOE! NOW JUST TURN AROUND SLOW AND EASY...

BUT SNOE DIDN'T TURN EASY... HE TURNED FAST... AWFUL FAST!

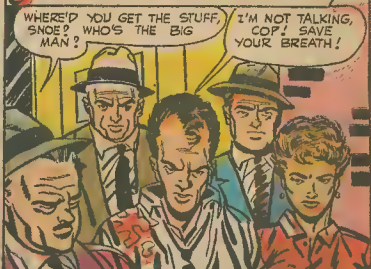


WHEN HE WENT FOR HIS GAT, BUT MINE WAS ALREADY BARKING!

SNOE MUST HAVE BEEN COCKED UP, BECAUSE EVEN WITH A SLUG IN HIS SHOULDER, HE WAS STILL FULL OF FIGHT! I DECKED HIM WITH A SOLID RIGHT! THAT DID IT!



OUTSIDE OF A SCRATCH, BRADY WAS OKAY...



WHERE'D YOU GET THE STUFF, SNOE? WHO'S THE BIG MAN?

I'M NOT TALKING, COP! SAVE YOUR BREATH!

BRADY SAVED HIS BREATH! SNOE WAS TOUGH NOW, BUT BRADY FIGURED WHEN THE COCAINE WORE OFF, HE'D TALK IN THE MORNING, SNOE WOULD TALK PLENTY!

**B**UT SNOE OUTFOXED US...HE DIDN'T WAIT FOR MORNING... HE KNEW HIS SINS HAD CAUGHT UP WITH HIM, AND DURING THE NIGHT HE COMMITTED THE FINAL ACT OF HIS MISSPENT LIFE.



**W**HAT LEFT US ONLY LURA MAXEY, SNOE'S CO-WORKER! LURA SEEMED WILLING TO COOPERATE, APPARENTLY, SHE WAS TOO FRIGHTENED TO DO ANYTHING ELSE! SHE ADMITTED SHE'D KNOWN OUR TRUNK VICTIM AS A DOPE ADDICT...

THAT'S A PICTURE OF MELLA... SNOE TOLD ME A "SPEEDBALL" KILLED HER AT THE BOSS' PLACE THE OTHER NIGHT...



THE BOSS, LURA? THE MAN WHO SUPPLIES YOU PUSHERS WITH THE DOPE YOU PEDDLE? WHO IS HE? WHERE DO WE FIND HIM?

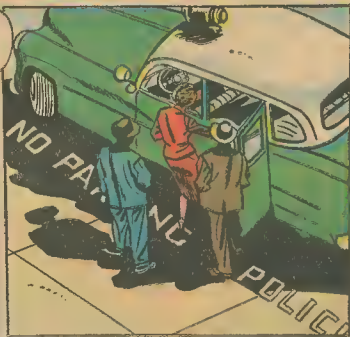
HE'S CALLED FERRET! HE'S GOT A PLACE UP-TOWN!



FERRET, EH? YOU WANT US TO HELP YOU GET A LIGHTER SENTENCE, LURA? THEN YOU MUST HELP US!

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! YOU'RE GOING TO PUT US ONTO THIS FERRET, LURA... NOW!

YES... ALL RIGHT...



**F**ORTY MINUTES LATER...

TALK UP, LURA! YOU SAY FERRET'S PLACE IS TWO BLOCKS UP THIS STREET ON THE LEFT?

YES...

BETTER LEAVE THE CAR HERE, MARK!

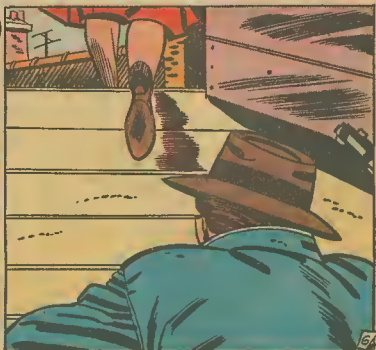
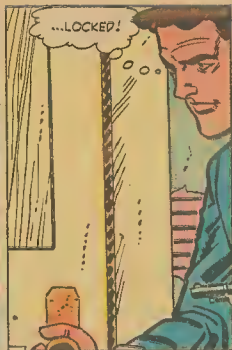


THIS IS THE BUILDING... FERRET'S ON THE TOP FLOOR... I DON'T WANT TO GO UP...

WE'RE GOING UP, LURA! YOU'LL SHOW US EXACTLY WHERE!











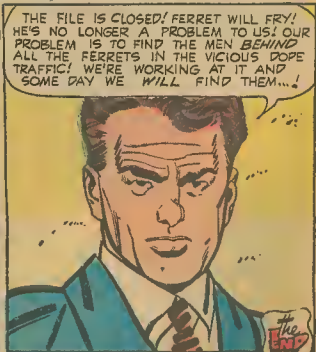
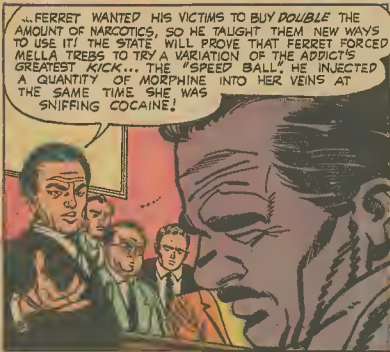
DOPE AND SWITCHBLADES  
SEEM TO GO TOGETHER.  
THIS RAT HAD ONE, TOO,  
AND WE WANTED HIM  
ALIVE... SO...



HEROIN WORTH 50 G'S TO THE UNDER-  
WORLD WAS FOUND IN FERRET'S ROOM!  
AT LEAST THAT WOULD NEVER REACH  
THE PUSHERS...



THE INDICTMENT  
AGAINST  
FERRET  
READS... "FOR  
UNLAWFULLY  
AND  
FELONIOUSLY  
SELLING  
A  
QUANTITY  
OF MORPHINE  
TO ONE,  
MELLA TREBS,  
AND  
INTRODUCING  
SAME  
INTO  
HER  
VEINS,  
CAUSING  
DEATH..."



the END

# An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's  
who want to

**LOOK SLIMMER  
and  
FEEL YOUNGER**

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

## The CHEVALIER LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital support where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!



### FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!

### DETACHABLE POUCH

Also called! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

### S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen, yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.



Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

### Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the wonder s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed and made by experts to give you the comfort and "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon right now!

## FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



## SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 203E-1  
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my EXTRA pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

(Send the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City and Zone: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

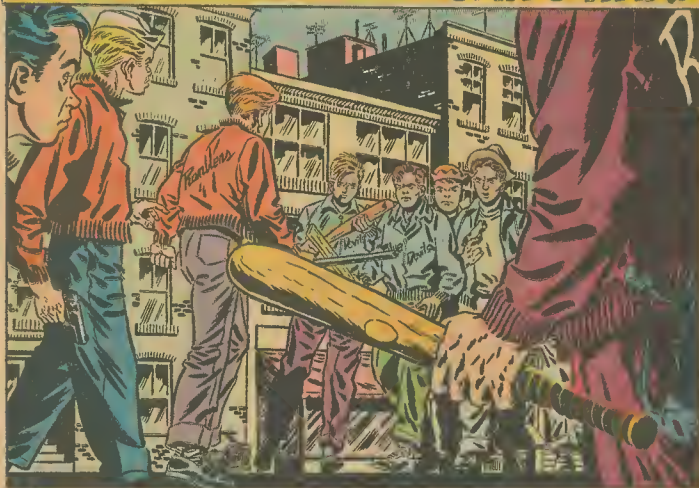
☐ Save 45¢ postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.

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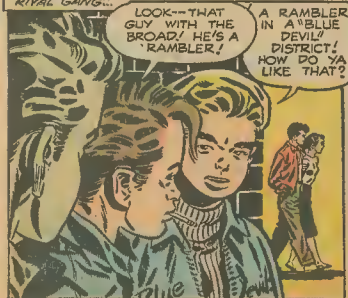


# THE COP!

GANG WARS ON THE CITY'S STREETS! NOT BY HARDENED CRIMINALS--BUT BY YOUNG THRILL-CRAZY YOUNGSTERS WHO HAVE BROKEN LOOSE FROM SOCIETY'S RESTRAINING INFLUENCE! ZIP GUNS. AND SWITCH BLADES ARE BRAZENLY CARRIED BY BOYS AND GIRLS WHO HAVE TAKEN A PATH THAT CAN ONLY LEAD TO JAIL, DISGRACE, OR TO THE GRAVE! IT'S **GANG WAR!**

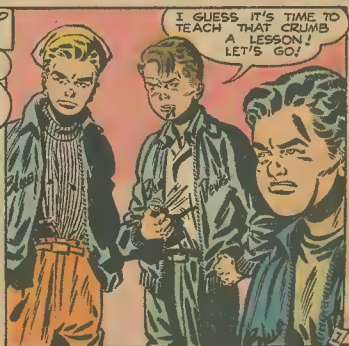


YOU HAD TO BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU WALKED IN THE CITY'S STREETS--ESPECIALLY IF YOU WERE IN A TERRITORY DOMINATED BY A RIVAL GANG...



LOOK--THAT GUY WITH THE BROAD? HE'S A RAMBLER!

A RAMBLER IN A "BLUE DEVIL" DISTRICT! HOW DO YA LIKE THAT?



I GUESS IT'S TIME TO TEACH THAT CRUMB A LESSON! LET'S GO!



YER IN THE WRONG  
NEIGHBORHOOD,  
AIN'CHA, PAL?

RUN,  
STONY--!  
RUN!



**HELP!**



A COP WALKS HIS BEAT, HIS EYES  
ALWAYS ON THE ALERT FOR  
TROUBLE...AND SUDDENLY IT  
RUNS INTO HIM...

HEY--TAKE IT  
EASY, MISS!  
WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER?

GASP!  
OH--AN  
OFFICER!  
GASP!!



THE GANG--  
THE "BLUE DEVIL"  
GANG--! THEY'RE  
HURTING STONY!



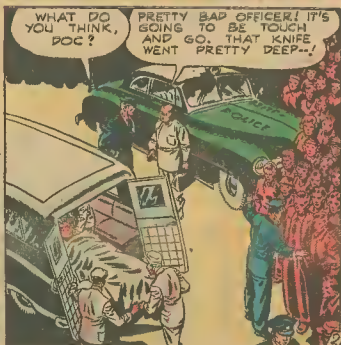
SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO SAY ANYMORE--YOU SEE,  
HE HAD BEEN RAISED IN THAT VERY  
NEIGHBORHOOD AND KNEW WHAT RIVAL  
GANGS MEANT...

THERE  
HE  
IS!



HE'S BEEN  
KNIFED!  
QUICK!  
CALL  
AN  
AMBU-  
LANCE!

SOMEBODY  
PHONE  
FOR AN  
AMBULANCE!



WHAT DO  
YOU THINK,  
POC?

PRETTY BAD OFFICER! IT'S  
GOING TO BE TOUGH  
AND GO. THAT KNIFE  
WENT PRETTY DEEP--!



THE CITY HAS A GRAPEVINE OF ITS OWN, AND BEFORE LONG, NEWS OF THE KNIFING GOT BACK TO THE RAMBLERS...

THEY CAUGHT STONY AND GIVE IT TO HIM! OKAY--THOSE "BLUE DEVILS" ASKED FOR IT!

LET'S MEET AT THE HIDEOUT TONIGHT!

POOL

TONIGHT IT IS! PASS THE WORD-- AND DON'T FORGET YOUR AMMUNITION!

I GOT ME A NEW ZIP GUN THAT I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TRY OUT! I GUESS I'LL INITIATE IT ON A "BLUE DEVIL"!

MEANWHILE, AS OFFICER KENNY COGAN MADE HIS REPORT AT THE PRECINCT...

THAT KNIFING IS GOING TO START ANOTHER GANG WAR--SURE AS YOU'RE STANDING THERE. WE HAVE TO GET A LINE ON THESE GANGS, COGAN. THAT'S WHY I HAVE YOU POUNDING A BEAT IN YOUR OLD NEIGHBORHOOD!

IF WE HAD SOME DECENT PLAYGROUNDS-- SOME SUPERVISION-- THOSE KIDS WOULDN'T HAVE TO FORM GANGS!

THAT'S FOR THE SOCIAL WORKERS TO WORRY ABOUT--NOT OUR JOB! WE'RE ONLY SUPPOSED TO CLEAN UP THE DIRT AFTER THEY LET IT PILE UP. NOW GET A LINE ON THOSE GANGS OR SOME MORE KIDS WILL GET A KNIFE STUCK INTO 'EM!

WHEN KENNY COMES BACK TO HIS BEAT...

COME BACK HERE, TOMMY! COME BACK!

LEMME ALONE!

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO, KENNY? THE BOY'S RUNNING TO A MEETING OF THE RAMBLER GANG. IT MEANS TROUBLE!

TAKE IT EASY, MRS. WOKALSKI. YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE THEY'RE MEETING?

NO--BUT ALL THE KIDS ON THE STREET ARE GOING--! LOOK--EVEN YER OWN BROTHER, WILLIE!



WAIT A MINUTE, WILLIE!

LEGGO, KENNY-- I'M IN A HURRY!

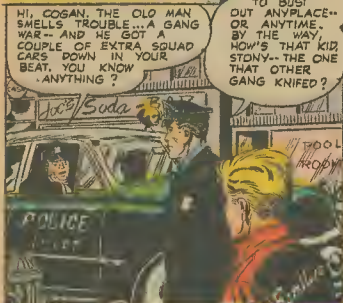
BUS STOP



IT'S PRETTY LATE IN THE SEASON FOR BASEBALL--! YOU'RE GOING INTO THAT GANG FIGHT, AREN'T YOU?

WE AIN'T LETTING THAT 'BLUE DEVIL' GANG GET AWAY WITH IT. THEY'LL PAY FOR WHAT THEY DID TO STONY!

JUST THEN, A SQUAD CAR ROLLED UP TO THE HOUSE...



HI, COGAN. THE OLD MAN SMELLS TROUBLE...A GANG WAR-- AND WE GOT A COUPLE OF EXTRA SQUAD CARS DOWN IN YOUR BEAT, YOU KNOW ANYTHING?

NO, RYAN! IT'S LIABLE TO BUST OUT ANYPLACE-- OR ANYTIME. BY THE WAY, HOW'S THAT KID, STONY-- THE ONE THAT OTHER GANG KNIFED?



THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE. THE KID DIED ABOUT AN HOUR AGO. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN-- THINGS ARE GOING TO BUST WIDE OPEN!



STONY-- DEAD--! I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

WHO'S NEXT, WILLIE? YOU--? SOME OTHER BUDDY? YOU HAVE TO HELP ME, KID. WE HAVE TO BREAK UP THIS GANG FIGHT!



DEATH IS SOMETHING THE YOUNG FIND HARD TO GRASP--ESPECIALLY WHEN THE YOUNG DIE-- AND THE NEWS SOBERED WILLIE...

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

GIVE ME THE HIDEOUT OF THE RAMBLERS--AND THEN I WANT YOU TO HELP ME COLLAR THOSE BLUE DEVILS. BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE GUTS--MORE GUTS THAN FIGHTING WITH A GANG!



QUICKLY, THE COP OUTLINED HIS PLAN AND THEN WAITED FOR HIS BROTHER'S DECISION...

WELL-- WHAT DO YOU SAY?

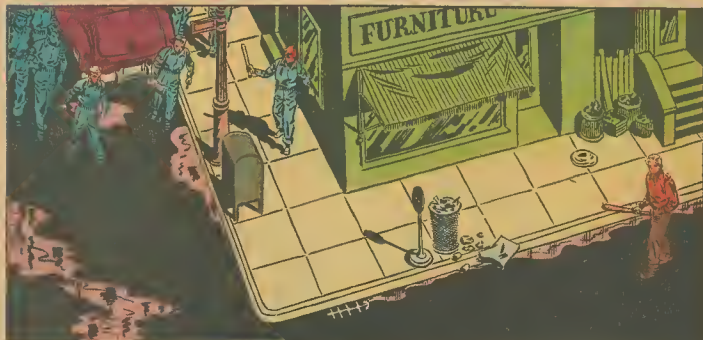
OKAY!



**3** SLOWLY, THE TWO BROTHERS MADE THEIR WAY TO BLUE DEVIL "TERRITORY" AND ARRIVED TO FIND THE STREETS STRANGELY EMPTY...



I FEEL LIKE A MILLION EYES ARE WATCHING ME FROM HIDING PLACES.

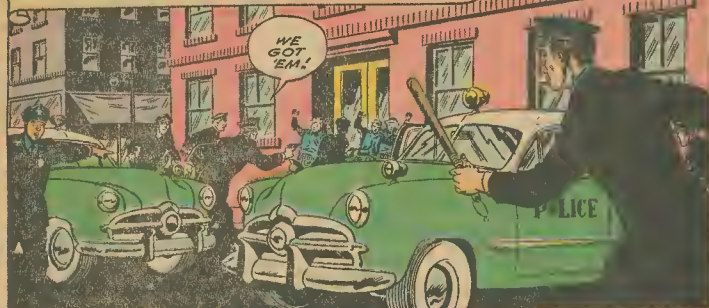


LOOK OUT, KENNY! HE'S GOT A ZIP GUN!

**A** ZIP GUN--THE HOME-MADE WEAPON OF DEATH! BUT THE COP SAW IT AND MOVED LIKE A FLASH...



**J**UST THEN, THE STREET SEEMED TO COME ALIVE WITH SQUAD CARS THAT CONVERGED ON THE SPOT...



GOOD WORK, COGAN. WE MANAGED TO GET THAT RAMBLER GANG AND THEIR ARSENAL BEFORE THEY COULD DO ANY TROUBLE. WILL YOU LOOK AT THE MURDEROUS STUFF THOSE KIDS WERE CARRYING?



**L**ATER THAT NIGHT...

WE GOT THE KIDS WHO DID IT, MRS. BURNS! THEY CONFESSED KNIFING STONY!



THAT DOESN'T DO ME ANY GOOD NOW! (SOB.) I LOST--MY--BOY! MY STONY--! (SOB.)

MAYBE YOU SEE WHAT I WAS TRYING TO GET ACROSS TO YOU, WILLIE. BECAUSE YOU WORKED WITH THE POLICE, THERE'S GOING TO BE ONLY ONE FUNERAL IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!



**The END**



# A SHORT WAIT FOR DEATH

JOHN GRANNIS, the neighborhood druggist, was counting up his receipts on Saturday night. It was two minutes to closing time and Grannis was glad of it. It had been a busy day for the small store and he was feeling pretty tired. But some of the weariness left him as he counted up the money. It had been a very good day. There was over three hundred dollars in the cash register. He was so absorbed in counting it that he paid little attention to the tinkle of the bell over the front door.

When he ~~gid~~ looked up, over the tops of his glasses, he started to apologize for making the customer wait. But suddenly, it seemed to him he was facing a man who wore a black hat and had no face at all. Then John Grannis' heart leaped to his throat as he realized he was looking at a man who had a flour bag pulled down over his head. A flour bag behind which a pair of cat-like eyes glared at him cruelly through a pair of slits in the bag.

"This is a stick-up, Pop," said the muffled voice. "Hand over your dough and you won't get hurt."

"Y-yes, s-sir," stammered the little druggist. He assumed more fright than he really felt. Slowly, his hand groped under the counter for the little shelf where he kept the old revolver. His hand touched it and he began to raise the weapon.

"Trying to be a hero, eh?" snarled the holdup man, and before John Grannis could squeeze the trigger of his own gun, the thief fired through his coat pocket. Grannis was rocked backward, then sagged to the floor behind his counter. The gunman swept up a handful of bills, stuffed them in his pocket, and ran from the store to be swallowed up by the darkness.

A few hours later, Detective Pat Polo kicked open the door of the squad room and carefully laid a crumpled white flour bag on the table in front of Detective Sergeant Mark Fabian.

"It's all yours, Mark," said the detective. "We think this is the flour bag used by the Flour Bag Bandit in his sixth job."

Fabian stared at the bag for a minute without touching it.

"His sixth, eh? He's been pretty lucky so far. Not even a lead on him."

"It's not going to be so lucky if the old man dies," growled Polo. "He shot a storekeeper this time."

Interest limned Fabian's eyes as he looked up to meet Polo's gaze. "Where, who and what?"

"Neighborhood druggist out in the lonely Park-side district," responded the plain-clothes man. "Fellow's name was—let's see—! Oh yeah—John Grannis!"

Fabian seemed to go very rigid although there was no change in the inflection of his voice. "And you think he's going to die?"

"It's hit or miss right now. They got him at Metropolitan Hospital with a slug in his chest. Too near the heart for comfort, I guess. The docs are working over the old boy and we can't get to him for questions and answers yet. But before he went under, he did mumble something about the 'flour bag bandit' and then one of the boys picked this up on his beat. Laying right on top of an ashcan. Guess that shooting scared him, and all he wanted to do was get rid of the bag and run."

Fabian slowly got to his feet and started to the hat rack for his coat. Pat Polo watched him curiously for a minute and then barked at him.

"Where do you think you're going, Mark?" he asked surprised. "The chief wants us to get to work on this case right away. Come on—we'll take the bag down to the lab and have it dusted for fingerprints and the rest of the scientific stuff. This is no time to be going out for coffee."

Slowly, Fabian replaced his coat on the rack and turned to Polo. "I wasn't going out for coffee. I was going to run up to the hospital and see the old boy. Thought he might be able to tell me something."

"I told you he's telling nobody nothing. They got him under an anesthetic while they probe for the bullet. According to the Doc, he won't be able to talk for a couple of days—if he ever talks at all. Besides, they'll call us when he's ready to sound off."

"I see," said Fabian, almost inaudibly.

"In the meantime, we can see what we can uncover with this sack. It's the first time we've been able to get our hands on one of those masks. Now let's get down to the lab and see if the bright boys there can give us the rat's name, address and social security number. Are you coming?"

Fabian followed Polo out of the room and toward the lab technician's office. The flour bag was

gently dropped on a table and quickly dusted for fingerprints. Polo and Fabian put some fire to cigarettes and silently stood by puffing and watching the lab workers analyze the flour bag. After what seemed like an eternity, the chief of the lab beckoned to them.

"We got a good set of prints, all right," he snapped. But as Pat eagerly leaned forward, he wearily raised his hand. "But it was the coot who sold the bag of flour. The smudged prints belonged to our boy who was smart enough to wear gloves. Looks like nowadays only honest people leave their prints around. Aside from that, all we found were these few hairs in the bag."

He gestured toward a slide and Fabian leaned down to study the hairs. The lab man delicately picked them up in tweezers and held them under Fabian's nose.

"Smell," he said. "Looks like our boy likes strong stuff in the barber shops."

Fabian and Polo sniffed at the hairs and Fabian walked away for a minute. He seemed deep in thought. Polo knew him well enough to know that the wheels were going around and this wasn't a good time to interrupt the chain of thoughts.

"Mind if I take the hairs, Doc?" asked Fabian.

"They're all yours. We're through with them. What are you thinking of doing?" continued the lab chief. "Starting a file of hairs on all the rats we bring in. We'd have two files then. A hair file—and fingerprint file."

Fabian didn't bother to answer, but put the hairs into an envelope and walked out of the lab tailed by Polo. Pat had been on many cases with Detective Fabian, but he didn't quite remember seeing Fabian react to a case like he had to this one. They retired to the squad room again and with painstaking care began to reenact all of the six holdups done by the handit who had worn the flour bag.

The thief was always alone. He always chose a small out of the way store. A grocery, drug store, delicatessen or liquor store. His take was never too much and up to the last job had never had cause to use his gun. No victim could describe the robber other than he was average build and wore a slitted flour bag over his face.

Then Fabian checked the addresses of the previous robberies, detailed Polo to browse around one of them and took the bus to the place where the first robbery had taken place. He had samples of the hair with him. When he arrived at the quiet

location, he looked about for the nearest barber shop and stepped inside.

When he identified himself, the barber protested his innocence at once. Fabian quickly reassured him by saying it was just a routine investigation. He began to make a minute examination of the floor, scooped some hair up and inspected it. He walked behind the chairs and sniffed at the bottles of pomade and hair tonic and then quietly left.

The same routine was repeated in two other barber shops he had staked out in the vicinity of previous robberies. But it wasn't until he came to the third shop that his eyes took on a peculiar glint. From that moment on, Fabian never left the barber shop while it was open unless Polo was relieving him. He began to despair of seeing his quarry on the third day when he suddenly spotted his man. The suspect was thin, average height with black hair that was beginning to recede on the top. Fabian waited without giving evidence of anything unusual until the barber began to cut his hair. Quietly, he stood up, scooped up some of the hairs on the floor and walked into a back room where he made a quick comparison with the hairs in the envelope. To the naked eye they seemed alike, but of course, the lab would have to confirm his findings. However, it wasn't until the customer requested a hair tonic Fabian had been watching for days—a hair tonic whose scent he was very conscious of, that he left the back room and sidled up to the customer.

"You're under arrest, Mister, on suspicion of being the 'flour bag bandit'." ®

The man blanched and then suddenly leaped out of the chair and lunged for the barber's razor blade. Fabian's fist caught him right behind the eyes and he crumpled like a punctured balloon.

Later, after the chief had complimented him and the confession was all wrapped up, Fabian began to chuckle to Polo.

"If it wasn't for that corny junk he used on his hair, I never would have been sure. Why—that stuff is so bad, that barber shop was the only one of the six that would even handle it. And that's because the barber was just trying to use it up. He was the only guy who ever asked for it."

"I've seen you get your teeth into a case like a bulldog—but this one . . . you acted like you had a personal grudge against the guy," said Polo.

"I did," said Fabian thoughtfully. "You see the druggist he shot happens to be my uncle."

THE END



# MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY!

SAFE, NEW,  
EASY WAY!



## SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of this distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming, contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions.

Without Electrical Devices...  
Rubber Sheets... Alarms...

Ends Shame, Discomfort, Inconvenience  
Almost Miraculously!

## "DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in clinical tests, conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to refrain, tends to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have discontinued the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if their case is of the type that responds to the restraining power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, its use may no longer be required, normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

## DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases



**CASE NO. 1.** Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.

**CASE NO. 2.** Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.



**CASE NO. 3.** Male, aged 22 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out over-night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.



**CASE NO. 4.** Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapse.



**CASE NO. 5.** Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after wet period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.



**CASE NO. 6.** Woman, 76 years old. BED-WETTING formula administered for 6 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.



Why endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation... the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms... the expense of ruined furniture... the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices... without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING... relieve tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

## DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their effort on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was revealed to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Check up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical devices, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet... DRY-TABS... product of medical research... offering the hope of a new future for all these sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

## ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stays and fear of public embarrassment while sleeping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If your loved one suffers the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

**MAKE THIS HOME TEST:** Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try one completely overnight with DRY-TABS for the pre-scribed period. If you WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

**SEND NO MONEY:** Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only \$3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

## MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GARY PHARMACAL CO., Dept. 671  
7444 Exchange Avenue, Chicago 49, Illinois

Please send me 3-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back.

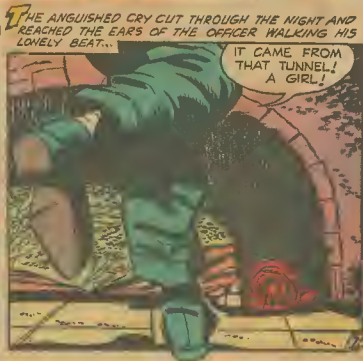
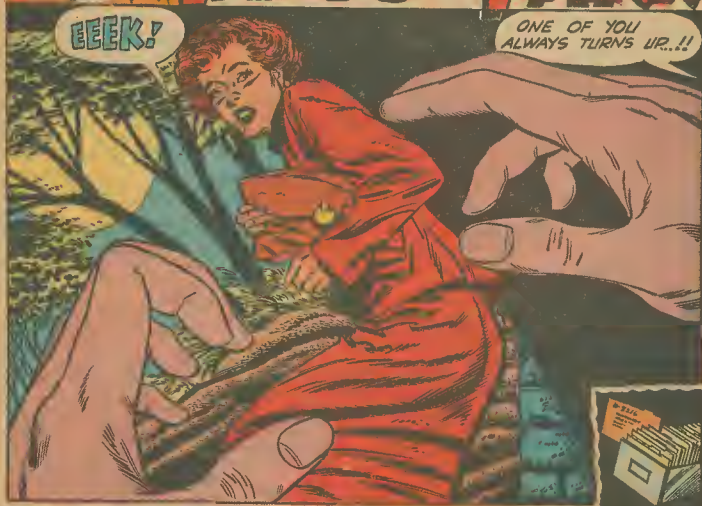
- ☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman \$3.00 per package plus postage.  
☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.  
☐ Send 2 packages (6-week supply) for \$5.50.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



A park is supposed to be a place for play and relaxation...  
I guess that's what it should be... a retreat from the cement  
caverns of the city...  
B but at night the shadows close in and make it a convenient  
stomping grounds for the dregs  
who crawl out of the darkness.  
A and that's how things stood when we tackled...

# PANIC *in the* PARK





AT POLG, MY PARTNER, AND ME WERE WORKING THE NIGHT WATCH OUT OF ROBBERY WHEN THE CALL CAME IN... IT WAS 10:30.

ANOTHER ONE, MARK! SOUNDS LIKE THE SAME SET-UP. FOUND THE GIRL IN ANOTHER OF THOSE UNDERPASSES, IN THE PARK.

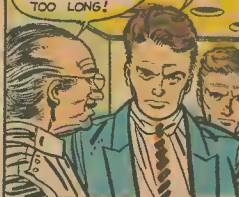
THAT MAKES NUMBER FIVE IN THE PAST TWO MONTHS! WHERE'S THE GIRL?



THE GIRL HAD BEEN TAKEN TO METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL, AND WE QUICKLY SNAKED OUR WAY THROUGH THE EVENING TRAFFIC AND GOT THERE ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

SHE'S HAD A BAD SHOCK, SERGEANT! I WOULDN'T QUESTION HER TOO LONG!

SURE, DOC! SURE!



HE WAS A PRETTY KID... BEFORE SHE WAS BANGED UP! ONE LOOK AT HER EYES AND YOU COULD SEE SHE WAS RELIVING THE WHOLE THING OVER AGAIN...

I HATE TO BOTHER YOU NOW, MISS, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE? ANY IDENTIFYING MARKS OR STUFF LIKE THAT?

I WAS... GOING HOME... TAKING A SHORTCUT THROUGH THE PARK! AND THEN... HE... HE SUDDENLY CAME AT ME... HE BEGAN TO HIT... HE HIT ME...



SURE, MISS! TAKE IT EASY! TRY TO REST!

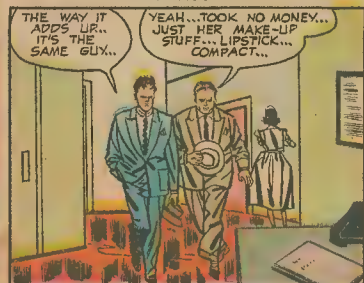
POOR KID! COME ON, PAT! SHE'S STILL IN A STATE OF SHOCK!



FIVE TIMES THAT REPORT HAD COME IN NOW! FIVE PRETTY YOUNG KIDS HAD TAKEN A CRUEL BEATING! AND WE'RE STILL CHASING OUR TAILS...

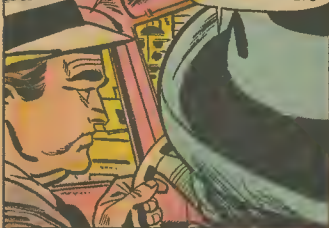
THE WAY IT ADDS UP... IT'S THE SAME GUY...

YEAH... TOOK NO MONEY... JUST HER MAKE-UP STUFF... LIPSTICK... COMPACT...



I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! MUST BE SOME KIND OF PSYCHO! ALWAYS SOME PRETTY BROAD... ALWAYS THAT SAME BEATING... AND ALL HE TAKES IS THEIR COSMETICS...

THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT SO TOUGH! THERE'S NOTHING TO GO ON WHEN YOU DEAL WITH THAT KIND! I GUESS THERE'S GOING TO BE A LOT MORE QUESTIONS FROM THE CHIEF!



CHIEF WANTS TO SEE YOU ON THE DOUBLE, SARGE!

IT FIGURED!



**T**HE CHIEF STOPPED PACING WHEN I WALKED IN. ONE LOOK AT HIM, AND I KNEW HE'D CAUGHT IT FROM UPSTAIRS AND WAS GOING TO PASS IT ON TO ME! I WASN'T WRONG...

WELL... ANY LEADS? ANY CLUES? WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT COLLARING THAT MANIAC WHO USES THE PARK FOR HIS PLAYGROUND?

THE GIRL COULDN'T GIVE US MUCH, CHIEF!



THAT'S THE FIFTH ONE! BLAST IT, FABIAN! A GIRL HAS A RIGHT TO WALK IN THE PARK AT NIGHT WITHOUT SOMEBODY REACHING FOR HER THROAT! AND DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE DOING YOUR BEST!

I KNOW... IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH!



WE'LL THROW OUT A DRAGNET AND SEE WHAT WE CATCH!

YOU'D BETTER CATCH SOMETHING... AND FAST! BECAUSE I'M GETTING TIRED OF CATCHING IT FROM UPSTAIRS!



**F**RANKLY, I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH HOPE OF HITTING THE JACKPOT, BUT YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING! SO THE FOLLOWING NIGHT WE WENT THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF DRAGGING THE PARK...



**W**E BROUGHT IN A COUPLE OF THE VICTIMS AND PUT OUR CATCH THROUGH THE LINE-UP..

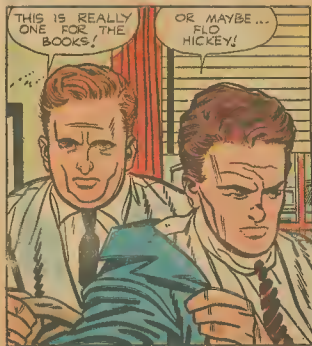
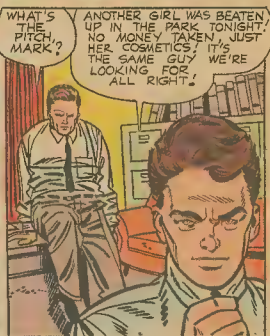
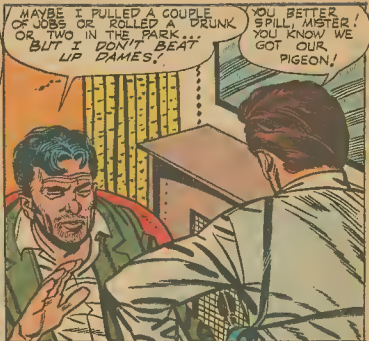
IF YOU SEE ANYBODY WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE GUY, GIRLS, SING OUT! THEY CAN'T SEE YOU FROM WHERE THEY'RE STANDING!



THAT ONE! THERE! HE... HE LOOKS LIKE THE ONE!

BRING HIM INTO THE SQUAD ROOM, PAT!







**P**OLICEWOMAN FLORENCE HICKEY LOOKED LIKE THE KIND OF A GIRL YOU'D LIKE TO DATE... A COMBINATION OF BEAUTY AND BRAINS. WE QUICKLY SPELLED THE WHOLE THING OUT FOR HER...

THIS BABY HASN'T KILLED ANYONE YET... FLO... YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS!

BECAUSE HE MIGHT START ON ME, SERGEANT?

YEP! I WOULDN'T BLAME YOU FOR TURNING DOWN THIS ASSIGNMENT! IT'S ASKING A LOT!

WELL... NO GIRL LIKES TO HAVE HER FEATURES SCRAMBLED, BUT WHEN I JOINED THE DEPARTMENT, I DIDN'T EXPECT A TEA PARTY! LET'S TRY IT!

**W**E SAT DOWN TO FIGURE OUT THE ANGLES, AND FORGOT ABOUT SHUT-EYE. THEN, THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

BRR... IT LOOKS LONE-SOME!

HE'LL BE LOOKING FOR UNIFORMED MEN, SO WE SPOTTED PLAIN CLOTHES MEN ALL AROUND THE PLACE. LEAVE THE CAR HERE, PAT!

THAT TUNNEL JUST AHEAD HAS BEEN ONE OF HIS FAVORITE SPOTS! WE'LL BE UP ON THAT OVERPASS, FLO... JUST IN CASE...

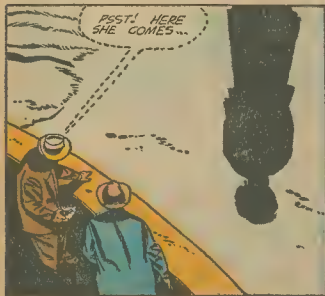
KEEP AN EYE ON ME, SERGEANT-- I'M SCARED!

I DON'T BLAME YOU! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT ALONE THROUGH THE TUNNEL! ALL SET?

WELL, I HAVE MY LITTLE '22 WITH ME! HERE'S HOPING HE DOESN'T MESS UP MY HAIR-DO!

**P**AT AND I DUCKED AND TOOK UP OUR STATIONS ON THE OVERPASS AND BEGAN TO WAIT! YOU COULD ALMOST HEAR THE QUIET!

PSST! HERE SHE COMES...



**I** THINK I HEARD FLO'S SCREAM BEFORE IT RIPPED FROM HER THROAT! AND WE MOVED... BUT FAST!



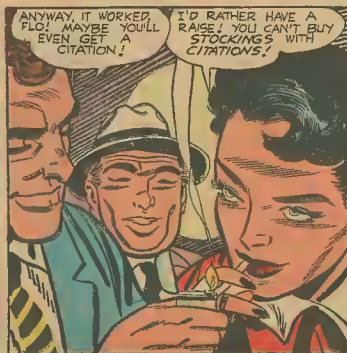
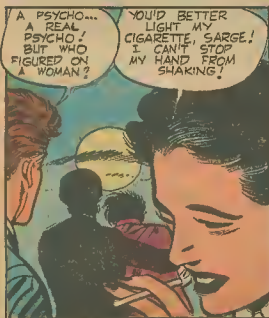
**I** WASN'T TOO GENTLE WHEN I GRABBED THE HULK AND YANKED HIM OUT OF THE TUNNEL! HE WAS SCREAMING IN A HIGH PITCHED VOICE... TOO HIGH!



**W**HEN PAT YANKED THE HAT OFF, WE FOUND OURSELVES STARING AT A BIG, BUXOM DAME WHO WAS PRACTICALLY FOAMING AT THE MOUTH...



**S**HE WAS STILL RAVING WHEN THEY DRAGGED HER OFF!



**A**LMMA MENNINGER, THE ASSAILANT, WAS BROUGHT TO TRIAL AND FOUND TO BE MENTALLY DERANGED. SHE WAS COMMITTED TO A STATE INSTITUTION FOR THE INSANE.

CASE CLOSED



Watch the Smoke Curl up the Chimney

# ORIGINAL KENTUCKY TAVERN BARBECUE ASH TRAY

- ★ A MINIATURE FIREPLACE
  - ★ A CIGARETTE SERVER
  - ★ A MATCH HOLDER
  - ★ AN ASH TRAY
  - ★ AN INCENSE BURNER
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FIREPLACE makes  
an attractive  
DECORATIVE  
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Your  
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SATISFACTION  
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**Most Beautiful, Most Original  
Most Useful Ash Tray Ever Made!**  
Here's the famous Barbecue Ash Tray that created such a sensation when it was featured with Kentucky Tavern in leading national magazines. There is no ash tray to compare with it for originality of design and all around usefulness. Made of durable Hydrocal, hand colored to look like real firestones. Holds a generous supply of cigarettes and matches. A perfect gift for every occasion. Order on coupon —>

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1227 LLOYOLA AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILL.

Send me the following Barbecue Ash Trays on your 10 Day Money Back Guarantee Offer. (NOTE: We will gladly ship C. D. D. if you prefer but C. D. D. rates are so costly we urge you to pay in advance. You save up to 55c.)

- ☐ Enclosed is \$1.98 plus 25c (\$2.23)—ship 1 Ash Tray postpaid.  
☐ Enclosed is \$3.89 plus 40c (\$4.29)—ship 2 Ash Trays postpaid.  
☐ Ship 1 Ash Tray C. D. D.    ☐ Ship 2 Ash Trays C. O. D.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

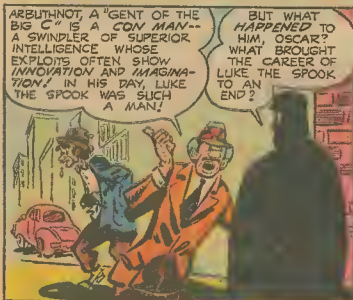
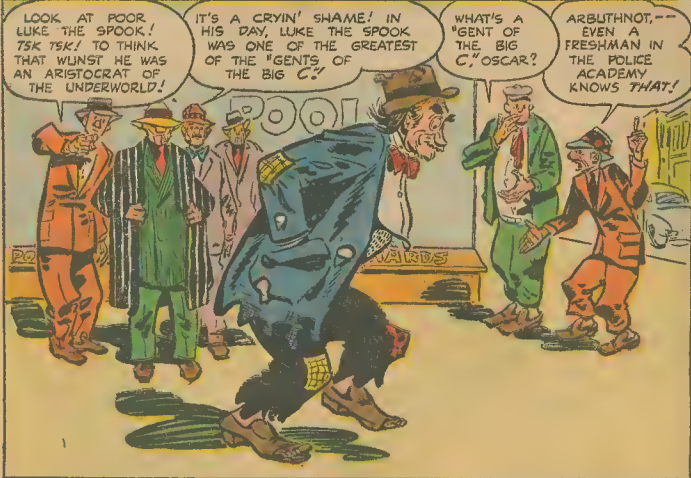
STATE.....

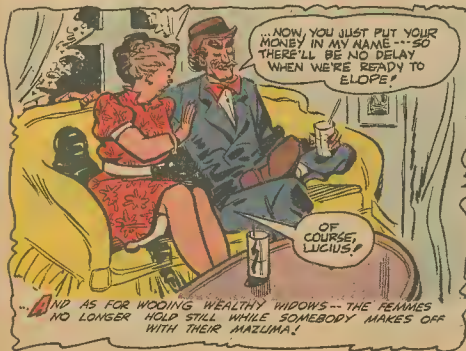
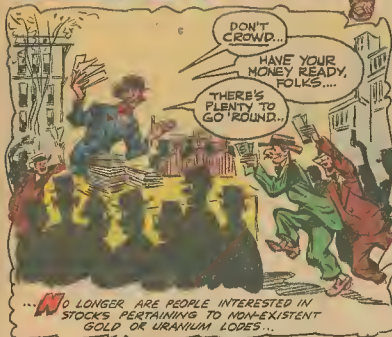
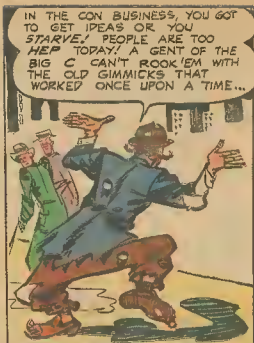
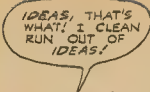


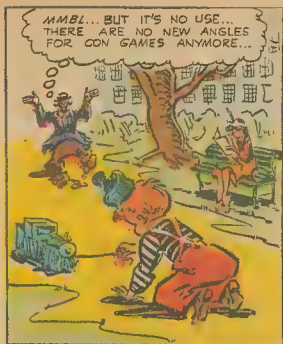
He was born Lucius Cockleburrr, but it was not under that name that he rose to the heights, nor was it as Lucius Cockleburrr that he hit the skids. Always, through good times or bad, he was known to the denizens of the underworld--and to various Police Departments as--

# LUKE *the* SPOOK

AS WE OPEN THIS REPORT, THE TIME IS OVER WHEN OTHER AND LESSER OPERATORS REGARD LUKE THE SPOOK WITH A MIXTURE OF AWE, ADMIRATION AND JEALOUSY...

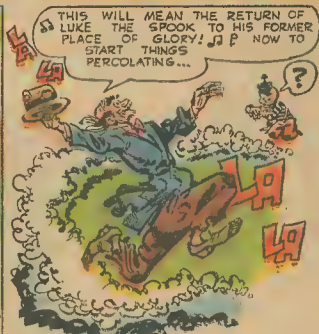






NOTE TO THE READER!

THERE CAME AN EXACT INSTANT WHEN GALILEO FIRST THOUGHT OF THE TELESCOPE, WHEN COLUMBUS DECIDED THE WORLD WAS ROUND, HERE AND NOW, AT THIS VERY SECOND IN THE EONS OF TIME, WE ARE PRIVILEGED TO LOOK ON AS AN IDEA IS BORN IN THE MIND OF LUKE THE SPOOK...

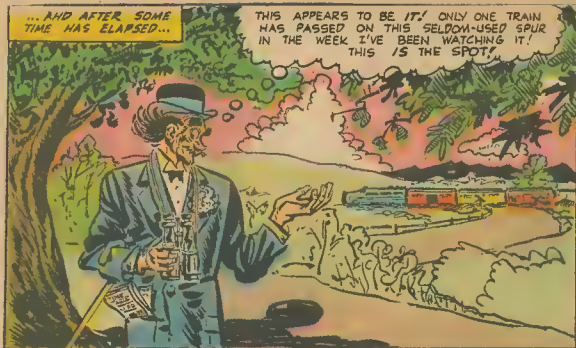




NOW, IF YOU  
THINK  
LUKE IS  
GOING IN  
FOR  
ANYTHING  
AS CRUDE  
AS  
FLEECING  
TRAVELERS  
IN CARD  
GAMES--  
YOU'RE  
OFF BASE--  
WAY  
OFF BASE!  
AS  
WE  
HINTED,  
LUKE  
CONCEIVED  
A  
REALLY  
BRILLIANT  
IDEA...

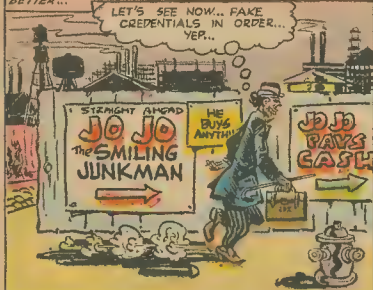
... AND AFTER SOME  
TIME HAS ELAPSED...

THIS APPEARS TO BE IT! ONLY ONE TRAIN  
HAS PASSED ON THIS SELDOM-USED SPUR  
IN THE WEEK I'VE BEEN WATCHING IT!  
THIS IS THE SPOT!



WORTHWHILE, BACK TO TOWN GOES LUKE THE SPOOK.  
NOR DOES HE HEAD FOR THE 'ELITE' SECTION,  
WHERE THE CON MAN'S PICKINGS WOULD BE  
BETTER...

LET'S SEE NOW... FAKE  
CREDENTIALS IN ORDER...  
YEP...



HEH... YOUR NAME'S ROCKEBOY AND  
YOU'RE A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LONG  
ISLE RAILROAD! THE DEAL YOU OFFER  
MIGHT INTEREST ME!  
IT JUST  
MIGHT!

MR. JO JO,  
YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE  
UP YOUR MIND AT  
ONCE! MY RAILROAD  
HAS OTHER BIDS!



WELL, MR. ROCKEBOY,  
BEFORE I PASS OVER  
MY MONEY I WANNA  
BE CERTAIN EVERY-  
THING IS **LEGAL**...

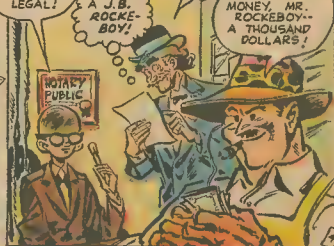
TO BE SURE! COME,  
WE'LL GO BEFORE  
A NOTARY AND SIGN  
THE CONTRACT!

I'VE WIT-  
NESSED THE  
SIGNATURES  
GENTLEMEN!  
EVERYTHING  
SEEMS  
QUITE  
LEGAL!

HEH  
HEH!  
WAIT  
TILL  
THEY  
TRY TO  
FIND  
A J.B.  
ROCKE-  
BOY!

HERE'S YOUR CONTRACT  
FROM THE RAILROAD,  
MR. JO JO! YOU CAN  
GET STARTED  
AT ONCE!

I INTEND  
TO! HERE'S  
YOUR  
MONEY, MR.  
ROCKEBOY--  
A THOUSAND  
DOLLARS!





**B**UT  
THE  
TRIUMPH  
OF  
LUKE  
THE  
SPOOK  
IS  
SHORT-  
LIVED.  
IT  
IS  
ONLY  
A  
COUPLE  
OF  
DAYS  
LATER  
WHEN...

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS  
OF THE RAILROAD AIN'T  
GONNA PROSECUTE JO JO  
THE JUNKMAN FOR  
RIPPING UP THEIR  
RAILS!

ON THE CONTRARY--TURNS  
OUT THEY WAS FIGURIN' TO  
DISCONTINUE THAT SPUR  
ANYHOW! ONLY THING HELD  
'EM UP WAS HOW TO GET  
RID OF THE TRACKS!

NOW THEY FOUND  
JO JO CAN DO IT--  
THEY'RE PAYING  
HIM TO REMOVE 'EM!  
JO JO'LL MAKE A  
MINT FROM TRANS-  
SHIPPING THAT METAL!

LUKE THE  
SPOOK, YOU  
ONLY GOT A  
CRUMMY \$1,000  
OUT OF THE  
CAPER! HAW!  
WHAT A  
"C" MAN!

TO SAY THE  
LEAST--YOU  
AIN'T THE  
MOST!

"GENT OF THE BIG  
CON" MY FOOT!  
YOU'RE NOTHING  
BUT A  
NOTHING!

A  
WASH-  
OUT!

A HAS BEEN!!

THEY'RE  
RIGHT!

I'M FINISHED! I CAN'T STAND THEIR  
DERISION! I CAN'T STAND THEIR  
LAUGHING AT ME! I SHALL--I MUST--  
BREAK CLEAN AND GET A FRESH  
START IN LIFE!



THUS...

SINCE YOU RETURNED  
THE  
JUNKMAN'S  
\$1,000-- HE  
REFUSES TO  
PROSECUTE!

SURE, LUKE--  
I AIN'T MAD!  
YOU PUT ME  
ONTO A  
REAL GOOD  
THING!  
I'M IN A FAIR  
WAY TO  
GETTIN' WEALTHY!

YOU'RE  
FREE, BUT  
JUST  
REMEMBER--  
WE'RE  
GONNA  
KEEP CLOSE  
TABS ON  
YOU! ALL  
RIGHT,  
SPOOK--  
VANISH!

Y...  
YES,  
SIRS!

J. B. NEWBORN  
DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY

AND SO

POOR LUKE  
THE SPOOK!  
WOT GIVES  
WITH HIM  
THESE DAYS,  
OSCAR?

DUNNO, ARBUTHNOT!  
THE GRAPEVINE SAYS  
HE'S TRYING TO  
MAKE ENOUGH  
DOUGH TO GET INTO  
THE JUNK  
BUSINESS!!



THE  
END



# SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

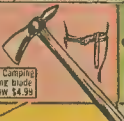
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**CROSSBOW ARROWS.** Specially designed heads. Specify whether for Hunting or Fishing. (Sold only with Crossbow) 60¢ each

**POWER HUNTING CROSSBOW.** An exciting new sporting thrill! Aims and hits like a rifle. Shoots arrows like bullets. **KILLS** all big North American game—Oar, Bear, etc. 80-lb. pull, effective at over 200' range. Silent—permits extra shots at game. Precision trigger action, pinpoint accuracy. Beginners get amazing results. NOW \$19.95

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**Australian type BOOMERANG.** Wonderful new sport. Amazing "Mystery Stick" travels on 245-ft. circular flight and comes back to you! This flight-tested boomerang is swift, silent and is effective against small game. Excellent shotgun target. Fine souvenir. Full instructions. NOW \$2.49

IT ALWAYS COMES BACK!



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22 CAL. REPEATER AUTOMATIC. For sports and protection, this gun fires 22 cal. blanks with a TERRIFIC BLAST. Looks real, sounds like "the real thing." 6-Shot Magazine. Made of Carbon Steel, Safety Catch. No permit needed. NOW \$9.95

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TELLS  
• TIME  
• DATE  
• SPEED  
• DISTANCE

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NOTE: Not sold to minors under 17. STATE AGE (PLEASE PRINT)

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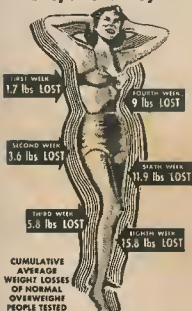
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# New Reducing "Miracle"

## "DROPEX" REDUCING COCKTAIL

**Proved by Doctors to Reduce Weight**  
**9 lbs. in 4 weeks...15 lbs. in 2 months!**  
**No drugs . . . No pills . . . No diets**

**Clinical Tests Prove**  
**"DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail**  
**Drops Fat Away**



If you want to lose 9 to 15 pounds, here's the easiest way to do it. Don't go on a special diet—just add a dropperful of the new "DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail to your favorite drink before each meal to lose 2 lbs. each week.

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If you want to lose 9 to 15 lbs., get "DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail today. We Guarantee your money back if "DROPEX" does not reduce your weight without any special diets.

**Absolutely Harmless!**

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you want to lose 9 to 15 lbs. We guarantee your money back if "DROPEX" does not reduce your weight **WITHOUT ANY SPECIAL DIETS!**



"DROPEX" is new and different . . . pleasant, tony toasts.

**"DROPEX" is pleasant. Add it to your favorite drink or plain water**

*Entirely different from anything you have ever tried!* Stop crying the overweight blues. Start today on the new safe simple "DROPEX" way to lose pounds of ugly fat. Simply add "DROPEX" as directed to fruit or vegetable juice, soft drinks, alcoholic beverages or plain water. The new "DROPEX" is easy, simple, an effective way to lose weight.



**ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING YOU HAVE EVER TRIED!**

In clinical tests on both men and women, **EVERY** overweight person reduced with



**"DROPEX"**  
**Reducing**  
**Cocktail**  
**298**



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**"DROPEX" REDUCED EVERY OVERWEIGHT PERSON!**

**—Without Dieting, Without Exercises**

"DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail was carefully tested on a group of overweight men and women. The results from taking "DROPEX" delighted the doctors supervising the tests, as well as the overweight men and women. Many of the people who took "DROPEX" had used other products without success, but every one lost weight with "DROPEX". The average weight loss was 2 pounds a week over an eight week period.

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- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman plus postal charges.
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